

# THE YPSI-SEM



BASE BALL NUMBER

Vol. 3

JUNE, 1913

No. 9



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# The Upsi-Sem

VOL. 3

YPSILANTI, MICH., JUNE, 1913

No. 9

## L I T E R A R Y

### *Josiah and Mandy's First Street Car Ride*

'Flossie, Myrtle, hurry! - Oh, girls, there goes the twenty to four car, if we run we can surely catch it.'

So catch it we must, and did, running as if some wild animal was chasing us, and shouting to the conductor to stop the car.

When we reached our destination we were all out of breath and very warm, as may be imagined, after running two blocks. The first thing we did was to turn a seat over. As we were doing this we heard someone cry, "Josiah, Josiah, just look at those there girls, they're a goin' to pull that seat to pieces!"

"Well, well, Mandy, did yer ever see sech a wonderful thing? That there seat's turned clear around. For the land o' mercy, now aint that foxy? Those here city folks do make the quarest things ye ever did come across."

"I should say so! Now, Josiah, just yer see if this one will do the same."

So Josiah turned the seat in front of them over, and Mandy put all her bundles on it. This was certainly the queerest couple we had ever seen. The man, Josiah, I should judge, was about sixty years old. He wore a dress suit, the coat of which looked to be about forty years old. The pants also were old fashioned, but his hat was new, for he told us so. Mandy was dressed still more stylishly. She wore a low necked dress with short sleeves, the waist was green, trimmed with gold braid, and the skirt was plaid. Her hat was very large with about six different colors on it.

As I said before, we girls were very warm, so at once opened our window. You should have seen Mandy and Josiah look at us in

surprise, while Mandy said, "If those girls don't know everything in these cars. Did yer ever see a window go down instead of up, Josiah, just try if yer can't open my window, too?"

So Josiah pulled and pulled on the window till at last it fell down so suddenly that poor Josiah was so surprised that he fell on the seat which had all the bundles on it.

"Josiah, Josiah!" cried Mandy. "Yer a sit-ten right on those 'puff creams' and 'finger ladays,' get up quick, they're all a goin' to be smashed."

You may imagine how these cream puffs and lady fingers looked when Mandy took the bag and opened it. Then she said, "Now, Josiah, they're too dear to throw away and too smashed to take to John's children, so we must eat them ourselves. Just as they began to eat, however, an automobile passed. This so excited Josiah that he jumped up and leaned over Mandy, throwing the cream puffs from her lap in doing so and crying, "Did yer ever see a wagon a goin' without a horse? That must be one of those 'autermobiles' that John was tellin' about."

He was still looking when a motorcycle went by. This surprised him still more. "Mandy, Mandy, just look at that thing will yer, and a man a sitten on top of those two wheels. Well, if I ever! Now, who'd a that fifty years ago when I was here, that men were agoin' to ride on two wheels with a steam engine in it?"

It took him a long time to get over his excitement. When he at last got seated again



beside Mandy and talking about what he had missed by not living in a city, a lady who looked very sick, passed us. We heard Mandy remark, "Just look at that there poor lady, she must o' had the 'gilganders.' You know that's what Maria's baby had last year. They're awfully dangerous, and make people yell."

"Yes, yes, I remember, but I would jest like to see another one of those 'autermobiles.' They're the most wonderful things."

Flossie at that moment waved her hand to someone in passing. Josiah, thinking 't must be another auto, leaned out of the window again, and in doing so, lost his hat. He jumped back, and full of excitement, for he could not lose that new one dollar hat, pulled with all his force the strap which rings up fares. This made the conductor angry, but what could he do with poor excited Josiah, who was by this time ready to jump off and Mandy was leaning out of the window, crying, "Quick, Josiah, the wind is blowin' yer hat way up the street."

By the time the car stopped, Josiah's hat was so far up the street it was impossible to wait, so the car started again. Then Mandy began to cry, "Stop the car! My poor Josiah hasn't any money. I got it all in my stockin.' O stop it quick, quick!" She became so excited that she jumped up and pulled the hanging on strap. At last, however, the car stopped, and Mandy got off.

When I reached home I watched the cars for this queer couple, and sure enough, in the very next one I saw them sitting by the window and smiling as tho' nothing had happened.

They must have found John's house all right, for next day whom should I see but Josiah and Mandy in an automobile, holding on with both hands, and I heard Josiah say, "Now, Mandy, just yer hold on as tight as yer can. I can take care of myself in this quick autermobile."

HELEN COOK, '13.

## *A Cambridgeite in the Passage*

Winthrop Dudley was at last a freshman at Cambridge. He was also an American and his parents being globe-trotters it was natural that he should wish to see all of England that he could, during his stay there.

On a beautiful sunny Saturday morning the novelty seeking freshman started out with hopes of catching a glimpse of Lucia Lindley, or the wonderful park in which her beautiful home was situated. As he walked down the Avenue, he looked very closely at the names on the gates that he might lose no chance of seeing the palatial residence of which he had heard so much. Presently he came to a great iron gateway, flanked by great marble pillars, but nowhere did he see a name plate. Upon examining the pillars, however, he found a small inconspicuous plate which read:

COMPLETED  
IN THE YEAR  
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY  
BY  
JONATHAN LINDLEY.

Realizing that this was the place he was seeking, he began to wonder how he would gain admittance, when suddenly a scream, a

woman's scream of pain and terror, rent the air. Hastily opening the gate, he entered, and to his horror saw Lucia Lindley lying on the green turf with a little trickle of blood oozing from and ugly gash in her breast. Stepping back in surprise, his foot struck against something and he looked down to see a little oriental dagger lying near him. He knelt to examine it more closely. The silver hilt he saw was twice the length of the blade and set with jales surrounded by moonstones. Raising his head he looked at the woman. Alas! No woman was there! He saw only a great iron gateway and a dark figure about two feet high crouched before it. "My God!" he exclaimed, "what mystery is this?" and was horrified to see the figure shoot up to a height of about six feet. Was he dreaming? He rubbed his eyes. This time he looked upon a magnificent marble dwelling which lay basking in the sun at the end of an avenue of great oaks. As he came nearer to the palatial structure, he noticed a group of men gathered about a woman sitting on a post at the foot of the steps. Oh, mystery of mysteries! what was this? here before him sat Lucia, the won-



derful Lucia, holding her sides with laughter and a red trickle of blood staining the front of her gown. About her stood five men; the most noticeable of whom he recognized as Father Brown of the story world, while the others were the characters from the latest story of that worthy gentleman.

"You haf run me out of business," exclaimed the little priest, shaking a stubby finger at Winthrop. "You are one leettle thief; you haf stolen my blace in the moving pictures. I was to pe the briest in 'The Man in the Bassage'. You haf stolen my blace."

Looking to the heiress of the Lindley fortunes for an explanation, he was met by laughter. A blue streak, and another young woman came flying down the steps.

"Lucia Lindley," she exclaimed, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Why don't you stop laughing and explain that you're acting, The Man in the Passage for the moving-picture man to photograph? I told you if you screamed someone would spoil it."

"Well but — but he didn't spoil it, Alice," retorted Lucia laughing, "he did it twice as well as the groom will ever do it even if he is dressed up as Father Brown."

A few minutes later young Dudley departed.

Next week when he and his classmates went to see the movies, he was startled to see himself appear upon the screen and he then knew why Lucia Lindley had laughed.

B. JEFFERSON, '15

## *Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata*

Among the great musical composers of modern times, there have been few, if any, who rank with Ludwig von Beethoven. This famous man was born in Bonn, Germany, in 1770. His life was a sad one. He was alone in the world and an object of unkind treatment, by those who should have been his friends.

It may be truthfully said that the works of Beethoven created a new epoch in the history and development of music, and his compositions lose none of their popularity as the years go by. The following story tells how he happened to write his famous "Moonlight Sonata":

This happened at Bonn. He and a friend were walking one winter evening, and when passing a mean little dwelling he suddenly paused. "Hush," he said gently. "What sound is that? It is my sonata in F. How well it is played!"

The music continued, but in the midst of the finale there was a sudden break; then a voice of sobbing. Beethoven was touched. He immediately entered the little dwelling, his friend following. There he saw a pale faced man making shoes by the light of one little candle, and a young girl seated at an old-fashioned piano. He was pained to see that the girl was blind, and played by ear. She seemed so shy that Beethoven said nothing,

but seated himself quietly before the piano and began to play. Never in all the years the friend had known him had he heard him play as he did to the blind girl and her brother. He seemed inspired. The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, crouched near the piona, as if fearful lest the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magic sounds.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle went out. Beethoven paused; the friend threw open the shutter, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, the moon's rays falling strongest upon the piano and player. At length the shoemaker rose, and approached him eagerly. "Wonderful man—" he said in a low tone, "Who and what are you?"

"Listen," said Beethoven, as he played the opening bars in Sonata F. A cry of recognition burst from the listeners, and they fell on their knees, saying, "Then you are Beethoven!"

He rose to go, but was held by their entreaties, "Play once more—only once more!"

Again he sat at the piano. "I will improvise a Sonata to the moonlight," he said, glancing thoughtfully at the moon and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys. He began to play, with sad and lovely movement, which crept



gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This was followed by a wild, elfin passage, a grotesque interlude, like the dance of spirits over the lawn. Then came a swift finale—a breathless trembling movement, description of flight, and vague impulsive terror which carried the listener away on its rustling wings and left them all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven arising, "Farewell to you all!"

"You will come again?" they begged.

He paused and looked tenderly at the face of the girl.

"Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the young lady lessons. Farewell!"

Their looks were more eloquent than words, as he moved from the room.

"Let us hurry back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that Sonata while I can yet remember it."

J. WOODS, '14.

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## *The Crisis*

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Tony sat by the open window of one of New York's tenement houses, looking at the scene below with unseeing eyes. As he sat there, he seemed to represent in a way the poverty which haunts and oppresses people of his station in life. His pinched little face wore a hungry look, and his shoulders drooped, as if the burden they carried were far beyond his years.

As he sat there the door opened quietly and a woman stepped in. She was unusually neat for a woman of this class, but her face revealed struggles with poverty and hard work. As she entered the room Tony jumped from his chair and ran to her eagerly, saying, "Did you get the violin today, mother?"

The woman shook her head sadly and replied, "No, Tony, I had only enough money to buy a loaf of bread, but today I learned of a place where you may take lessons almost free of charge. The violin will be lent to you, and perhaps they will let me pay for your lessons by scrubbing."

Tony went to bed much happier than he had been for months. He slept little that night, and the next morning his mother took him to the music academy. They were received by one of the teachers and to Tony's delight they promised to let his mother do the scrub-

bing in payment for his lessons.

A year passed, and Tony went twice a week for instruction, each time becoming more confident of his musical ability. One day the master of the academy entered the room, and listened as if spellbound to Tony's playing. When he had finished, the master stepped up to the boy, and placing his hand on his shoulder said, "Never in all my life have I heard such playing by a child of your age. Tomorrow you may come at two o'clock for orchestra practice."

The next day at the appointed hour Tony took his seat among the first violins, with every nerve a-tingle. All through the long hour of practice he played like a demon, and at last put his violin down with a sigh.

Finally the night of the great concert came. Tony sat with every nerve stretched taut, until the time for his solo. Then he rose from his inconspicuous seat and stepped before the audience. At the first strains of Schubert's Serenade his listeners realized that they were hearing a genius. When finished, they sat silent for a moment, and then wave after wave of applause swept over the house. As Tony stood smiling before the enthusiastic audience, he knew that he had succeeded.

R. STEADMAN, '15.





## *School Life as Seen by Various Objects*

"I am tired of standing in one place all the time, with nothing, but work, work, twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty days in the year," the clock in Mr. Hull's room sighed. "The pupils have about six hours a day, the teachers a little more, and the janitor still more, but they can all have eight hours sleep, while I have none. I have to be right all the time. If I am a little too fast, the teachers get after me, and if I go too slow, the pupils find fault. Oh, this is a hard life!"

"Hard life! What are you talking about? Just think of me, taking everything that other people discard, from old scraps and notes, to that viscous substance of a foreign nature which Miss H—— tells the boys to remove from their oral cavity. I get kicked around the room, just as if I was good for nothing. Hard life? You can thank you're lucky stars

you are out of reach, and are not a waste-paper basket."

"And you too, have the audacity to say that you have a 'Hard Life'! What do you know about it? Here I am, a poor worn out caesar, buffeted about, like a lost and forsaken soul. Everybody thinks I am a bad character. Just look at me. See, here is where some envious person has tried to ruin me; five pages torn out at intervals of two pages, and right in the best part of me, the 'Last Campaign'. Here again, where some ambitious Soph. has worn one whole book, so as to make it barely readable. Here is where some Treacherous Junior wrote out a pony, with which he hopes to gallop thro' a dangerous exam. Can you bear to look on me, at my many wounds and say, 'Oh, what a hard life I have had?'"

E. MINOR, '13

## *An Interesting Letter*

To my friends in the Ypsilanti High School:

After months of intention I have finally gotten down to action in writing you a brief letter to let you know how the world is serving me and equally to show you that I am interested in how things are going with you. In other words I wish to do my part in keeping fresh and alive the many friendships that I enjoyed among you while acting as your principal. Every day I think of some of you and hope that all is going well in your school work and in your general life. For your sakes I have wished that your new principal and your many new teachers would be able to enter into your lives more fully than the old and from all that I hear they have done so and you have all pulled together to make a successful year. I congratulate you on the fine spirit that I know is in you and I congratulate you on the success of the year's work as I have heard of it thus far. I hope to be able to visit you in June, as we close about June 12th, and I hope that I will see

every evidence of a fine year for each of you individually.

I have appreciated very much the letters that I have received from many of you during the year but of course regret that so many of you have been too busy to write to me. And I guess that even the editors of the Ypsi-Sem have been too busy to send me the paper, although I have sent in my subscription at least twice. I have received two copies.

Now, possibly, you are interested a little in my new work, as to how I like it, and how I am getting along. Well, as to how I like it, I can speak fully, but as to how I am getting along, I would prefer to have that told by some one else. I remember hearing my good friends, Professors Strong and Lyman of the Normal College, say several times that the hardest work they had ever done was in acting as principal of a high school, that the positions of school superintendent and college professor were almost snaps in comparison. I heartily agree with them. While I loved my



association with you, as principal, the responsibility I carried was far from light, and, I will be honest with you, I would not renew it for twice the salary I received when leaving you. My work here is so different from high school work. I teach two hours Tuesdays and Thursdays, and three hours Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, thirteen hours a week and all in the mornings. The rest of the time is mine in which to prepare my work, which is my only responsibility. I am through work every day at 11 a. m. As principal I generally finished at 5 p. m. So I am sure you will not blame me for being in love with my new work. But do not get a wrong impression, and think I have nothing to do. I work hours and hours every day in library and over my own books preparing myself to stand two or three hours the next day before college juniors and seniors, the freshmen and sophomores being excluded from my work as too advanced for them. But here is the difference, I have no boss and work when I want to and come and go when I want to.

Now as to how I am getting along. As I told you I would prefer to have someone else tell you about that, but as that is not possible I will simply say that I have been on probation this year at a salary considerably in advance of what I received while with you. The probation period is at an end and the college trustees have just given me the permanent position as holder of the chair of Economics and Political Science at a large increase in salary, and you may be sure that I am a happy man.

This summer I am going to fish and rest and have a good time with no worries. My book that I have been working on for the last five summers is just off the press and as the library of the University of Michigan is tending to the sale of it, I am completely relieved. School closes with us June 12 and resumes September 17, so I shall have two weeks more of a vacation than you will have.

Galesburg is a fine hustling railroad city of about thirty thousand people and Knox College enrolls about six hundred and fifty boys and girls, or rather young men and women. Several of them are practically as old as I am.

Now, before saying good-bye, I wish each of you would consider this a personal letter to you that you will feel obliged to answer, and I want to assure you that I will be deeply interested to have you write me all about how that old Caesar or that old geometry of Miss Hardy is going this year, how the baseball team is coming along, etc.

Just tell me about yourself first and most of all and it will be the most interesting news you can write to me for I still take the Ypsilanti Press and that is daily, you know, but how dry in comparison with some of the letters I have already received from you.

Assuring you of my deep interest in you and hoping that you will kindly remember me, I am,

Sincerely your friend,

F. U. QUILLIN.

I'd rather be a Could Be  
If I could not be an Are,  
For a Could Be is a May Be,  
With a chance of touching par.  
I'd rather be a Has Been  
Than a Might Have Been, by far;  
For a Might Have Been has never been,  
But a Has was once an Are.

—Selected.

—:o:—

Voice thro the fence:—"Is Rose Violet there?"

Smalle boy (shouting):—" 'Ere, carrots, yer muvver wants yer."

#### Two Out, or, Rather In for It

The baseball player was not acquainted with the society editor of his favorite paper and so he telephoned to the sporting editor after his marriage, asking him to say something about the happy event. He wound up the description of the ceremony with the following advice:

"Say, old man, we had only one minister, and so you can score it as a 'double play, unassisted.'"—Judge.

—:o:—

A girl and a second baseman picked up each other's suit case on a train. The exchange was not so disastrous, for she got a ball suit and he a ball gown.



# The Ypsi-Sem

This paper is published monthly by the pupils of the Ypsilanti High School at Ypsilanti, Michigan, the board of editors being chosen by the faculty.

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**Subscription Rates**  
Fifty cents per school year

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Edward McRay.....Editor-in-Chief  
Florence Matthews.....Literary Editor  
Willis Bellows.....Athletic Editor  
Philip Boyce.....Associate Literary Editor  
Ruth Cleary.....Joke and Exchange Editor  
Nat Hopkins.....Art Editor

## MANAGERS

Lamar Kishlar.....Business Manager  
Lawrence Brown.....Advertising Manager  
Stanton D'Ooge.....Circulation Manager

## Editorials

### EDITOR'S FAREWELL

With this issue of the Sem comes the final effort of the editors of 1913. We have done our best to creditably represent our high school and we hope we have not fallen behind the standard of the previous editors. It is very evident that our success has been due greatly to the excellent support of the school in general. We feel that each one has done all within his power to aid us and we therefore wish to give them our heartiest thanks. If we have in any way offended any of our school-mates we assure them that we are sorry but

it would be impossible to run a paper without offending some one. So we beg them to forget as it was all in jest.

And so we wish the editors of next year the greatest of success. May they profit by our faults but not condone them for they must remember that they will be living in a more advanced age than we did. With good will to all our dear teachers and friends we are, the editors of 1913.

:o:\_\_\_\_\_

### EDITORS' LAST WILL

We, the editors of the Ypsi-Sem, of the Ypsilanti High School, County of Washtenaw, State of Michigan, realizing that our end is very near and while in a sane state of mind, do hereby make and ordain our last will and testament in the following manner, to wit:

First—We do give, devise and bequeath, the beautiful office which we constructed in the northwest corner of the chapel, to the staff of '14.

Second—We do give, devise and bequeath, all the privileges enjoyed by us during our administration, namely; of skipping classes, going down town vacant hours and being, in fact, privileged characters.

Third—We do give, devise and bequeath to the joke editor the right to knock anyone as hard as he pleases in the joke column; a privilege which heretofore has been that of Ruth Cleary.

Fourth—We do give, devise and bequeath to the editor-in-chief the right to run the Sem as he chooses without consulting anyone as he will probably know what he wants best.

Fifth—We do give, devise and bequeath to all the editors the right to copy any of the forms we used. This privilege formerly belonged to the Juniors when they edited the Junior number.

Sixth—We name as executors of our last will and testament, Nat Hopkins, Florence Matthews and Philip Boyce.

(Signed)

### THE EDITORS OF '13.

Sealed and declared by the editors as their last will, in the presence of us, who, at their request, and in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names hereunto as witnesses thereof:

O. C. HULL,  
W. B. ARBAUGH,  
CARRIE A. HARDY.



## *Alumni Notes*

Florence Gorton will complete her course of study at the Michigan State Normal College in June. Next year she expects to teach Latin and German in the high school at Lawrence, Michigan.

Harold Kilian will teach the commercial subjects in the Charlotte high school next year.

Mrs. Grace Wiard Wheelock has resigned her position as Supervisor of Music of the public schools of Salem, Oregon, and will spend the coming year at the home of her father near Ypsilanti.

Dr. Joseph H. Crooker is the author of "A Word to Friends of Temperance," "The Church of Today," and "The Church of Tomorrow." Reviewers make many complimentary statements about these books. "A Word to Friends of Temperance" is considered one of the best handbooks on the subject of temperance that exists. "The Church of Today" is a clear, candid, and kind "criticism of the spiritless church and a churchless religion," while "The Church of Tomorrow" is a "book full of good thought and stimulating ideals."

The address of McKee Robinson, attorney-at-law, is 1603 Dime Savings Bank Building, Detroit, Mich. Mr. Robinson is chairman of the executive committee of the Ypsilanti High School Alumni Association this year.

The following biographical sketch was written by Mrs. George W. Alban of Ypsilanti, Mich. Miss Henderson was Mrs. Alban's sister:

Miss Alice E. Henderson was born in Pontiac, Mich., in 1850, and moved from there to Ypsilanti, with the family, for the purpose of carrying out the earnest desire of the mother—that her children should have the best education possible at the time.

Alice entered the Model School in 1862, and a few years later changed to the Ypsilanti Seminary, from which she graduated in 1870. She then entered her father's store (Henderson and Glover's), as clerk, where her unselfish loyalty to everybody who came in contact with her ministrations, endeared her to all. Busi-

ness interests called her to Petoskey, and then to Toronto, where she suffered several strokes of paralysis which proved fatal, Feb. 14, 1913.

The annual reunion and banquet of the Y. H. S. Alumni Association will be held Friday evening, June 2. Be loyal to your Alma Mater by being present if possible, or by sending a few words of greeting which may be read at this meeting. Our president, John H. Thompson, is very anxious that the reunion shall be a success in every particular.

An effort is being made to keep our alumni directory correct and up-to-date. This cannot be done unless we have the co-operation of the members of the association. Inform the secretary, Carrie A. Hardy, of any change in your address or occupation.

—:o:—

The words of "Alma Mater" were arranged by Supt. Wm. B. Arbaugh, the tune is "Juanita."

### ALMA MATER

Fair in the valley,  
Tow'ring to'rd the azure sky,  
Stands Alma Mater,  
Dear old Ypsi High.  
'Mong her halls once roamed we,  
Boys and girls in days of yore;  
Now we turn with fondness,  
Greeting her once more.

### Refrain

Ypsi! Ypsilanti!  
Loyal hearts again have met!  
Ypsi! Ypsilanti!  
May we ne'er forget.

When in our roaming,  
Fate our steps shall hither turn,  
May unbroken numbers  
For old Ypsi yearn.  
Now we pledge devotion  
To the school we love so well—  
May her days be many,  
Ypsi High! Farewell.

### Refrain



# A T H L E T I C S

Baseball season has started in Y. H. S. and although it looked rather dark at first, as the first three games were lost, it is brightening up considerably. The result of the season thus far is as follows:

## Mt. Clemens vs. Y. H. S. at Mt. Clemens

The game was called at 2:30 sharp, with Richards in the box. Although the day was not a baseball day, being rainy, the teams were evenly matched up to the third inning when a heavy shower came up, making the ball uncontrollable. Richards then walked six men for a total of four runs in the same inning. Ypsi held them the fourth, the fifth Mt. Clemens received two runs. The game was then called on account of rain. The score was 10 to 5 in favor of Mt. Clemens.

## Normal High vs. Ypsi High

The game was played at the park, being called at 3:45. This game showed an improvement on the last one. Richards went in the box and pitched a good game. Woods, the Normal pitcher, was wild, walking several men, while the Normals showed up well with the stick, they were not so good on the defense. The Ypsi High made four double plays. The final score was 5 to 4 in favor of Y. H. S.

## Cleary College vs. Y. H. S.

The Cleary College fellows were prepared for this game, for in this game they showed better than any time before this season. Beyer was on the throne for High School, pitching a hard game, but his support was poor. The game ended with 5 to 1 in favor of Cleary.

## Freshmen vs. Sophomores

This was the first class game of the season. The game was called at 3:45. Reader was pitcher for the Sophs, Eddy and Davis for the Freshmen. The Freshmen had the advantage on account of the left hander, with his curve baffling the batters. They scored on the sophomores in every inning. The final score was 13 to 2 in favor of Freshmen.

## Milan vs. Y. H. S. at Milan

After a jolly ride in Beyer's and Fletcher's cars the team reached the large city of Milan, twelve miles south of Ypsi. The game began soon after their arrival.

Beyer went into the box and fanned out seven men in the first three innings. This was kept up throughout the whole game, eighteen men being fanned out in ten innings.

Although the Milan team has had a good record at batting previous to this game, they received only two runs the first inning. They were held down the rest of the game until the eighth, when they received two more runs.

We received a run in each of the first, second, fourth and fifth innings. As the score was a tie at the end of the ninth inning, they had to play another. At the end of this inning the Ypsi High was one score to the good. The final score was 5 to 4 in our favor. The lineup was as follows:

Milan—Gump, SS; Loveland, 2B; Laskey, LF; Royal, RF; Drake, CF; G. Lawson, P; J. Lawson, 1B; Guy, 3B; Hammond, C.

Ypsi—Seymour, 2B; Gaudy, CF; Minor, RF; Gilmore, C; Walters, LF; Proctor, 3B; Lewis, 1B; Beyer, P; C. Cannon, SS.

## Freshmen vs. Juniors

Wednesday, May 7th, brought the Juniors face to face with the Freshmen. The first two innings did not look very bright for the Juniors, the Freshmen getting four runs while the Juniors got two. The rest of the game the Juniors were alert after they discovered Davis' curve. The final score was 14 to 8 in favor of the Juniors.

## Sophomores vs. Seniors

The following Wednesday the Sophomores played the Seniors. The Sophomores not showing up very well because their bat-teries had no whip. Beyer pitched the first part of the game and Voorhees finished the rest, giving Beyer a rest for Saturday's game. At the end of the game the score stood 14 to 6 in favor of Seniors.



## *School News*

The Y. M. C. A. met Thursday, the twenty-fourth, with a large number present. Prof. Pearce of the Normal was introduced and gave one of his fine speeches on "Playing the Game." After this, refreshments were served by the entertainment committee.

Alfrieda Hutton, Neva Greene, Henry Gilmore and Arthur Erwin had a very pleasant ride in Gilmore's car Sunday, May eleventh.

The House of Representatives was called to order at seven-thirty, the twenty-second of April, and discussed the plan of having a banquet. They finally decided to have it on the twenty-seventh of this month and two committees were appointed to carry out the plans. Nothing else of importance was accomplished as, on account of the storm at the beginning of the meeting, there were only twenty present.

We are glad to know that Mr. Woods of the Normal, who took Miss Rodger's place for a short time, will be here next year. He will coach the various teams, helping those interested in debating, and teach a few classes.

After the report of the nominating committee at their regular meeting, the Y. M. C. A. elected the officers for next year, as follows:

|                        |                |
|------------------------|----------------|
| Alvin Maulbetsch ..... | President      |
| Guy Robinson .....     | Vice-President |
| Foster Fletcher .....  | Secretary      |
| Frank Davis .....      | Treasurer      |

Each gave a talk, telling what they would endeavor to do next year. This promises well for the future success of the "Y". Rev. Hamilton gave a talk on the various illusions held by young men, among which he mentioned the lack of recognition of the rights of others, the love of money, the illusion of power, that is, thinking every man has his price. He said that we must have some standard by which to measure things in life to determine whether they are illusions or not. He assured the young men that the Golden Rule is the best standard for this purpose, and that, contrary to the opinion of many, it is, at present, used in every walk of life.

The House of Representatives at their regular meeting the twenty-ninth, decided to elect officers the thirteenth of May. After this, the bill for the evening was discussed and carried by a vote of twenty to six.

The Swiss Bell Ringers gave an entertainment under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., Monday the twelfth. A fine program was presented and it was only on account of the lack of advertising that no money was made. However, they are well pleased to have presented such a fine program and to have kept up their reputation.

Because of sliding too energetically in the game at Milan, Quay Beyer suffered from a sprained ankle the middle of the month.

The House met at the usual time, the thirteenth, and proceeded to elect officers for next year. As there was such diversity of opinion, two votes were necessary for each officer and usually there were four or five nominations for each office. For assistant clerk five ballots were necessary. The result is as follows:

|                      |                  |
|----------------------|------------------|
| Philip Boyce .....   | Speaker          |
| Nat Hopkins .....    | Clerk            |
| Lawrence Brown ..... | Assistant Clerk  |
| Harry Hubbard .....  | Sergeant-at-Arms |

It is indeed encouraging to see how much the various organizations have accomplished. They have not only made plans but have carried them out in good style. Most of these societies have elected their officers for next year.

After school the afternoon of the nineteenth, Miss Laird's German classes enjoyed her second lecture on German cities. The slides were colored and were, if possible, more interesting than the ones given before.

The House of Representatives held their banquet Tuesday, May twenty-seventh. There were practically all the active members present and all thought they had a fine time. The program was as follows:

|  |               |
|--|---------------|
| Orlo Robinson, Toastmaster   |               |
| Come to Order.....   | Toastmaster   |
| Roll Call .....  | Lamar Kishlar |
| Reading of the Minutes.....  | Harry Hubbard |
| Order of the Day .....   | Mr. Hull      |
| Report of Committees .....   | C. B. Lewis   |
| Executive Session .....  | Frank Davis   |
| The Motion Has Carried.....  | Mr. Arbaugh   |
| The Next Session.....  | Philip Boyce  |
| The violin solo by Raymond Augustus and the piano solos by Edwin McCauley and Eugene Minor were greatly enjoyed. |               |



## J O S H E S

Brownie in German—(Er Sung ein Liebeslied unter dem Fenster). "He sang a love song under the fence."

—:o:—

Miss H. (explaining use of rise and raise). "When you get up what do you do?"

Louis:—"Stretch."

—:o:—

He:—"I am going to propose for the last time."

She:—"Well, then you are going to be a bachelor."

—:o:—

Bob J.:—"Oh, Miss Horrigan, what should a man do when he wants to write poetry?"

Miss H.:—"He should see a doctor."

—:o:—

Esther T.:—"What makes you think she is such a young teacher?"

Louis:—"Doesn't she wear 'kid' gloves and has a 'baby' blue bow (beau)?"

—:o:—

She:—"What is his income?"

He:—"Oh, about midnight."

—:o:—

"Order, order," cried Miss T.

"Ham and eggs, please," cried the pupil from the country.

—:o:—

Mr. Hull:—"What is a hypocrite?"

G. Emery:—"A person who comes to geometry class wearing a smile on his face."

—:o:—

Seniors were born for great things

Sophs were born for small;

But it was not recorded

Why Freshies were born at all.

—:o:—

Hull:—"Mr. Beyer, how long did you study your lesson?"

Quay:—"Oh, I looked it over."

Hull:—"I think it would be more likely that you overlooked it."

—:o:—

Miss Roberts:—"Spell kitten for me."

Freshie:—"Oh, I'm further advanced than that now, try me on cat."

—:o:—

Eng. II.:—"Is there a dash ( — ) after money?"

Miss H.:—"How would you punctuate this sentence, 'Miss Gray, a beautiful girl of nineteen, was passing down the street?'"

Russel:—"Why, I'd certainly make a dash after Miss Gray."

—:o:—

"The pianist cut his finger."

"So? Why did he do that?"

"I suppose he struck a sharp."

—:o:—

## Notice

As has been observed, the Senior class president's chief occupation is spooning. On later observation it has been noticed his spooning is done by Day.

—:o:—

## Latin Verse

Is acer sed jacto his master at te,  
Cantu passus sum jam?

Notabit, anser de,

Mi jam potis empti, so lis tento me,  
For uva da lot as I vere wel se.

—:o:—

Die kuh hat uber das Fence gejumped  
Und hat das Grass gedamaged  
Der Mann hat solche racket gerazed  
Es hat mir sehr erstonished.

—:o:—

Gertrude:—"What is the meaning of excavate?"

Helen:—"It means to hollow out."

G. S.:—"If I stick a pin in you will you excavate?"

—:o:—

To the Seniors—Don't count your credits before they are caught.

—:o:—

Mr. Hull:—"We'll all sit still for the first part of the hour, while I run rapidly around the room."

—:o:—

Esther:—"Oh, I do love dogs."

Bob J.:—"I wish I were a dog."

E. T.:—"Never mind, you'll grow."

—:o:—

Miss Ross:—"Miss Rogers, please tell us what a combination of sodium sulphate and hydrochloric acid will give?"

Miss R. (confidently):—"Salt!! S-A-L-T, Salt! Yes, sir, that's salt!"



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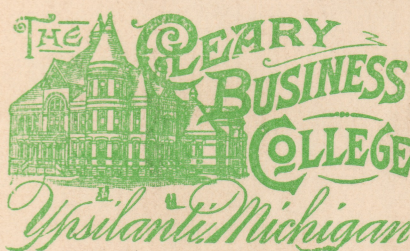
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